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## THE SKERRYVORE LIGHTHOUSE.

In the Atlantic Ocean, between the Western Islands of Scotland and the north of Ireland, there is a cluster of rocks, the tops of which only appear above high water, and which were formerly the cause of much perdition of shipping, as they lay in the track of vessels making for the Irish Channel and the Firth of Clyde, and there was no means of warning the mariner against their treacherous neighbourhood. The centre of the cluster, from which the whole took their name, was the Skerryvore [that is, Great Rock], which at high water presented a few masses of small superficials, rising about five feet above the waves, so that in stormy weather it was swept over by every surge. On this rock, twelve miles from the island of Tirree, which is the nearest land, it was resolved in 1834 to erect a lighthouse, and the duty of conducting the operations was confided to Mr Alan Stevenson, son and successor of the respectable engineer by whom the Bell-Rock Lighthouse had been erected about twenty-five years before. We have now Mr Stevenson's account of the work in an elegant and elaborate quarto, which can scarcely be more interesting to the members of his profession for its technical and scientific details, than to the general public for its narrative of an unusual class of dangers and difficulties cheerfully encountered in the cause of humanity, and overcome through the aid of carefulness and skill.

Most persons in common life must be quite unprepared to hear of the peculiar steps necessary to be taken in order to rear a pharos upon a rock in such a situation. First, it is difficult in any state of the tide to land upon the rock. It affords no shelter, no room for working; it is twelve miles from land, and even that land is only an inhospitable wilderness, remote by two or three days' sail from any place where the conveniences of civilised life can be commanded, or any mechanical operations are conducted. These circumstances rendered necessary such a series of preliminary arrangements as only could be accomplished by a liberal outlay of money, and an exertion of foresight and patience equally extraordinary. On reviewing the work after it was perfected, one is at a loss whether most to admire the resources which a wealthy state can bring to bear on such objects, or the heroism and fortitude of the men who devoted themselves to the business.

The first step was a survey of the rock, in itself a most difficult task, which Mr Stevenson did not complete till the summer of 1835. He had then to take soundings all round, for the sake of the vessels which were to be employed in carrying on the works. He had also to examine the rock geologically, in order to ascertain its soundness, and its capability of being worked for a foundation. It proved to be a gneiss of excessive hardness, and yet perforated in sea-caves which narrowed consider-

ably the workable ground. One of these terminated in a narrow spherical chamber, worked smooth by the tumbling of a few boulders, and having an aperture at top, through which came occasionally a jet of water twenty feet high, white as snow, and during sunshine, clothed in the hues of the rainbow. So smoothened was the whole exterior of the rock by the dash of the sea, that at one of their early landings the foreman of the masons described it as like 'climbing up the outside of a bottle.'

The second step was to plant a colony of works at Hynish, in the south angle of the island of Tirree. Here a piece of ground, fifteen acres in extent, was leased from the Duke of Argyll for the permanent establishment connected with the intended lighthouse, while thirty acres more were leased for the purposes of a temporary workyard. 'For our works,' says Mr Stevenson, 'craftsmen of every sort were to be transported, houses were to be built for their reception, provisions and fuel were to be imported, and tools and implements of every kind were to be made.' A steam tender was also to be built for communications between the works and the rock. These operations were the work of 1836 and 1837, during which time the quarrying of materials was also going on at Hynish, where, however, they ultimately found the stone to be unsuitable for the proposed tower. It was not till the beginning of the summer of 1838 that they were ready to effect any operations on the rock itself. The first duty there was to rear a wooden barrack for the accommodation of the men; a work of the most critical nature, on account of the violence of the sea-drift, to which it must necessarily be exposed. 'In providing,' says Mr Stevenson, 'the means of efficiently carrying on so many complicated operations in a situation so difficult and remote, it is impossible, even with the greatest foresight, to avoid omissions; while delay of a most injurious kind may result from very trivial wants. Even the omission of a handful of sand, or a piece of clay, might effectually stop for a season the progress of plans in the maturing of which hundreds of pounds had been expended. Accordingly, although I had bestowed all the forethought which I could give to the various details of the preparation for the season (of which I found it absolutely indispensable to be personally aware, even to the extent of the cooking dishes), new wants were continually springing up, and new delays occasioned, so that it was not until the evening of the 23d of June that I could embark at Tobermory in the *Pharos* Lighthouse Tender, commanded by Mr Thomas Macurich, with all the requisites on board for commencing the season's operations.' It was not till five days after that Mr Stevenson could effect a landing on the rock, where he spent an afternoon in marking off sites for the proposed barrack, the smith's forge, and other articles required for the

work. He had then to return to Greenock for the remainder of the necessary implements, and he did not land again on Skerryvore till the 7th of August. The disembarkation of various heavy articles, and the carrying of them over the slippery rocks, were operations of extreme difficulty, attended by considerable discomfort; yet, adds Mr Stevenson, 'it invariably happened that, in spite of all the fatigue and privation attending a day's work on this unsheltered rock, the landsmen were for the most part sorry to exchange it for the ship, which rolled so heavily, as to leave few free from sea-sickness, and to deprive most of the workmen of sleep at night, even after their unusually great exertions during the day.'

While proceeding with the landing of materials, the party suffered a gale on the night of the 8th of August, and with great difficulty got through the envioning shoals to their retreat at Hynish. 'A more anxious night I never spent; there being upwards of thirty people on board, with the prospect, during several hours, of striking every minute.' Returning four days after, they had six days of good weather, which enabled them to fasten up the strong pyramid of beams 44 feet high, on a base about 34 feet in diameter, on which the barrack was to be perched. While thus engaged, 'the economy of our life was somewhat singular. We landed at four o'clock every morning to commence work, and generally breakfasted on the rock at eight, at which time the boat arrived with large pitchers of tea, bags of biscuit, and *contens* of beef. Breakfast was despatched in half an hour, and work resumed, till about two o'clock, which hour brought the dinner, differing in its materials from breakfast only in the addition of a thick potage of vegetables, and the substitution of beer for tea. Dinner occupied no longer time than breakfast, and, like it, was succeeded by another season of toil, which lasted until eight, and sometimes till nine o'clock, when it was so dark, that we could scarcely scramble to the boats, and were often glad to avail ourselves of all the assistance we could obtain from an occasional flash of a lantern, and from following the voices. Once on the deck of the little tender, and the boats hoisted in, the materials of breakfast were again produced under the name of supper; but the heaving of the vessel damped the animation which attended the meals on the rock, and destroyed the appetite of the men, who, with few exceptions, were so little *sea-worthy*, as to prefer messing on the rock even during rain, to facing the closeness of the fore-castle. As I generally retired to the cabin to write up my notes, when that was practicable, and to wait the arrival of my own refectory, I was sometimes considerably amused by the regularity with which the men chose their mess-masters, and the desire which some displayed for the important duties of carving and distributing the rations. Even the short time that could be snatched from the half-hour's interval at dinner was generally devoted to a nap; and the amount of hard labour and long exposure to the sun, which could hardly be reckoned at less than sixteen hours a-day, prevented much conversation over supper; yet in many the love of controversy is so deeply rooted, that I have often, from my small cabin, overheard the political topics of the day, with regard to church and state, very gravely discussed on deck over a pipe of tobacco.' Bad weather recurring, they were obliged to run for shelter once more, and they did not re-land on the rock till the 31st of August, and only then for a few hours. They had only occasional landings for nearly a fortnight afterwards, and at last they were obliged to quit work for the season on the 11th of September, leaving things in a less finished state than was desirable. 'Before leaving the rock,' says Mr Stevenson, 'I climbed to the top of the pyramid, from which I now, for the first time, got a bird's-eye view of the various shoals which the stormy state of the sea so well dis-

closed; and my elevation above the rock itself decreased the apparent elevation of the rugged ledge so much, that it seemed to me as if each successive wave must sweep right over its surface, and carry us all before it into the wide Atlantic. So loud was the roaring of the wind among the timbers of the barrack, and so hoarse the clamour of the waves, that I could not hear the voices of the men below; and I with difficulty occasionally caught the sharp tinkle of the hammers on the rock. When I looked back upon the works of the season, upon our difficulties, and I must add, dangers, and the small result of our exertions—for we had only been 165 hours at work on the rock between the 7th August and the 11th September—I could see that in good truth there were many difficulties before us; but there was also much cause for thankfulness in the many escapes we had made.'

Mr Stevenson left the works with a pleasing anxiety from what had already been effected; but to his great distress, a storm which occurred early in November carried away all but a fragment of the strong work which they had erected. The smith's forge at the same time disappeared, and the anvil was carried eight yards from its proper situation. So unexpected was the fate of the pyramid, that it was concluded that some portion of a wreck had dashed against it, and thus assisted in its destruction.

Another evil of this time was the failure of the quarries at Hynish, and the necessity of bringing stones from a superior quarry at Ross, in the Isle of Mull. The stone thus obtained was a granite of great durability, nearly as hard and dense as the gneiss of Tirree. It gives a striking idea of the difficulties of the whole undertaking, that the blocks could not be directly transported from Mull to Skerryvore; they had to be landed at Hynish, and re-shipped for the rock at certain happy junctures, when the weather was such as to permit a landing of them at Skerryvore. While remaining at Hynish, they were fully dressed with all requisite exactness, and laid down course after course on a flat surface, so as to ascertain their suitability for taking their designed places in the building. Among the preliminaries at Hynish hitherto not spoken of, was the construction of a low-water pier for the embarkation of the materials.

In the course of the working season of 1839 (a working season at the rock lasted only from May till September), a second pyramid was formed on somewhat securer principles, and the barrack fitted upon it. The latter was a wooden box divided into three storeys, of which the two lowest were penetrated by the beams of the pyramid. The first served as a kitchen, the second was divided into two cabins, one of which was for Stevenson's use, the other for the foreman of the works; the third storey was for the thirty men who were to be engaged in the rearing of the lighthouse. While this work was proceeding, the space for the foundation of the tower was in the course of being excavated—a work of immense difficulty, owing to the hardness of the rock, and which was not completed till next summer. During the season of 1839, they also prepared a sort of wharf for the debarkation of the stores for the building. It was done by blasting; and the mines were sprung during high tide by a galvanic battery, 'to the great amazement and even terror of the native boatmen, who were obviously much puzzled to trace the mysterious link which connected the drawing of a string, at the distance of about one hundred yards, with a low murmur like distant thunder, and a sudden commotion of water in the landing-place, which boiled up, and then belched forth a dense cloud of smoke; nor was their surprise lessened when they saw that it had been followed by a large rent in the rock.' During August they had a severe storm, which destroyed their moorings, and carried off the smith's forge; but on the whole, this was a more successful season than the last; and when they returned in April 1840, everything was found in good order, even to the biscuit which they had left in the

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In May, the party took up their residence in the barrack, and the time formerly consumed in embarking and disembarking being thus spared, they were able to advance somewhat faster with their labours. It was, however, an uncomfortable habitation, and in bad weather, life on Skerryvore was far from agreeable. According to Mr Stevenson—'During the first month we suffered much from the flooding of our apartments with water, at times when heavy àsprays lashed the walls of the barrack with great violence, and also during rainy weather; and in northerly gales we had much difficulty in keeping ourselves warm. On one occasion, also, we were fourteen days without communication with the shore or the steamer; and during the greater part of that time we saw nothing but white fields of foam as far as the eye could reach, and heard nothing but the whistling of the wind and the thunder of the waves, which were at times so loud, as to make it almost impossible to hear any one speak. For several days the seas rose so high, as to prevent our attempting to go down to the rock; and the cold and comfortless nature of our abode reduced all hands to the necessity of seeking warmth in bed, where (rising only to our meals) we generally spent the greater part of the day, listening to the howling of the winds and the beating of the waves, which occasionally made the house tremble in a startling manner. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated only to inspire the most desponding anticipations; and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed across my mind on being awakened one night by a heavy sea, which struck the barrack, and made my cot or hammock swing inwards from the wall, and was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and tremor, immediately sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea. The alarm, however, was very short, and the solemn pause which succeeded the cry was soon followed by words of reassurance and congratulation. Towards the end of the fourteen days I began to grow very uneasy, as our provisions were drawing to a close; and when we were at length justified, by the state of the sea on the rock, in making the signal to those on shore (at the hour fixed for pointing the telescope at Hynish on the barrack) that a landing could be effected, we had not more than twenty-four hours' provision on the rock, so that when the steamer came in sight she was hailed by all hands with the greatest joy.'

He says elsewhere—'The economy of our life on the rock was strange enough. At half-past three in the morning we were called, and at four the work commenced, continuing till eight, when half an hour was given for breakfast; after which it was carried on till two, when another half-hour was given for dinner; and the work was again resumed, and continued till seven, eight, and even nine o'clock, when anything urgent was in hand. Supper was then produced, and eaten with more leisure and comfort in the cool of the evening. Such protracted exertion produced a continual drowsiness, and almost every one who sat down fell fast asleep. I have myself repeatedly fallen asleep in the middle of breakfast or dinner; and have not unfrequently awakened, pen in hand, with a half-written word on the paper! Yet life on the Skerryvore rock was by no means destitute of its peculiar pleasures. The grandeur of the ocean's rage, the deep murmur of the waves, the hoarse cry of the sea-birds, which wheeled continually over us, especially at our meals, the low moaning of the wind, or the gorgeous brightness of a glassy sea and a cloudless sky, and the solemn stillness of a deep blue vault, studded with stars, or cheered by the splendours of the full moon, were the phases of external things that often arrested our thoughts in a situation where, with all the bustle that sometimes prevailed, there was

necessarily so much time for reflection. Those changes, together with the continual succession of hopes and fears connected with the important work in which we were engaged, and the oft-recurring calls for advice or direction, as well as occasional hours devoted to reading and correspondence, and the pleasures of news from home, were more than sufficient to reconcile me to, nay, to make me really enjoy, an uninterrupted residence, on one occasion, of not less than five weeks on that desert rock.'

The masonry of the tower was commenced on the 4th of July 1840, and conducted with great spirit for the remainder of the season, at the close of which it had been carried to the height of 8 feet 2 inches. Recommended in the ensuing May, the solid part, forming the basis, was completed on the 8th July. During the early part of this season the weather was intensely cold, with showers of sleet, and heavier showers of spray, which dashed round us in all directions, to the great discomfort of the poor masons, whose apartments did not admit of a large wardrobe, while they had not the benefit of much room for drying their clothes at the small *coboses* or cooking-stove in the barrack. For days together, also, the men were left without building materials, owing to the impossibility of landing them, or, what was worse, without the power of building what we had on hand, in consequence of the violence of the winds. During such times we often felt much anxiety about the safety of the stones which we had piled on the rock ready for being built; and it took no small trouble, by the occasional application of the crane, to save them from being swept into the sea by the surf. Nothing struck me more than the illusive effect produced on the mind by the great waves which rolled past the rock. The rapidity of their movements, and the noise which accompanied their passage through the gullies and rents of the rugged reef, seemed to give them the appearance of being much larger than they really were; and even when viewed from the tower, after it had risen to the height of thirty feet, they seemed, on approaching the rock, to be on the eve of washing right over the top of the building, and sweeping all before them into the sea. It was a long time before, by continually watching the waves, and comparing their apparent height with the results of their impact on the rock, we were enabled to correct our notions of their magnitude, so as to mark the approach of their crested curling heads with composure; and some of the party never became sufficiently familiarised with those visitors to avoid suddenly looking round when the rush of a breaker was heard behind them, or recoiling a few paces when they saw its towering crest apparently about to burst in a torrent over their heads. It was only after a long residence on the rock, and continual experimental observation, that I acquired confidence to approach within a few feet of the point which I expected the breakers to reach.' At the close of the season in August, when the pile was gauged, it was found to preserve the diameter due to the height to the 16th of an inch, and the height exceeded the contemplated dimension by only half an inch!

On the 21st July 1842, the masonry was completed, being a tower of 137 feet 11 inches, curving inwards from a basis of 42 feet, and containing nine apartments over each other, for the accommodation of the establishment by which the light was to be sustained. It contains 53,580 cubic feet, and 4308 tons of material. From the exactness with which the stones were dressed, it had never been necessary to redress any deviation from the outline of the building to an extent materially exceeding an eighth of an inch. Not a joint in the structure was ever found in the slightest degree to give way. The lantern was now put up, and thus the whole structure was completed before the close of the third season; but it was not till February 1844 that, the whole furnishings being complete, and the keepers introduced to reside in the building, the light was for the first time exhibited. It is an apparatus of eight annular lenses



revolving round a lamp of four concentric wicks, and producing a bright blaze every minute, visible to the distance of eighteen miles.\*

So ended the construction of the Skerryvore lighthouse—a work which we hope will long remain as a monument of the power of man over the physical elements by which he is surrounded. Notwithstanding all the difficulties and perils attending the work, and though several scores of men were engaged in it for several years, it was accomplished without any serious accident. It is a work which could only have been carried into execution in a time of great material wealth and great scientific skill like the present. There are some shortsighted persons who condemn capital as a thing opposed to the interests of the industrious classes; and there are others who, with less in their circumstances or education to excuse them, speak disparagingly of our age as a mechanical one. Let the one inform us how, without great stores of wealth, any country could have afforded to spend eighty-nine thousand pounds on a lighthouse, in order, among other objects, to save poor sailors from destruction. Let the others tell us if there are many moral spectacles more sublime or ennobling than that of natural science turned to such purposes, and working out its ends amongst such difficulties. The age of chivalry is not past: only, the heroes of our age are men who, instead of pursuing whims or wreaking out sanguinary feelings, endure great toils, in order to bring the laws established by the Almighty to work for the extension of human happiness, and the diminution of human suffering.

#### SHANEEN OF THE HILL.

Did any of our readers ever go mushroom-gathering? It is pleasant sport; at least so we thought long ago in what is called life's holiday—though the time we are supposed to be learning our lessons—when with basket in hand, or with hat or bonnet as a substitute, we would ramble away, on some summer's eve, over the breezy hills, diligently looking out for the snowy little tufts, that showed their heads here and there through grass so green, and so short, from the cropping of the sheep, that even the tiniest foot could find nothing to sink in. What sharp reconnoitring glances were cast around; what demure unconscious looks lest another should spy our prize before we could reach it; or if, perchance, more than one keen pair of little eyes did light on the same object at the same instant, what headlong racing, what rolling on the close slippery grass, what active bounding—one, two, three, and away—over the prostrate bodies; what gratitude to the lazy good-natured one, always the last, that saved his credit so well by stopping to pick up the fallen; and then what forgiveness to the success of the foremost, returning with countrite face to offer the fruits of victory as an *amende*!

In such sport then, and on such an evening, we children once wandered away, regardless of distance or of time, until our well-filled baskets allowed no excuse for farther lingering, and the brilliant clouds in the west, now growing paler and paler, warned us it was time we should return home. Yes, we knew it well—that even then we were expected—that we must have strayed too far—that we were surely earning a lecture; but all the same was it to us in that happy heedless hour; and still, and still we loitered: now yielding to each fresh temptation of adding another, and yet one more, to our gatherings; now sitting on the mossy bank beneath some old hawthorn counting over our spoil; now argu-

ing which, in number or size, ought to reckon for most; and now making all contentedly equal by emptying the baskets, and refilling them from one common heap.

Thus engrossed, we had forgotten all but our occupation and ourselves, when suddenly a long shadow was thrown in amidst our little group; and raising our heads with a start, we saw standing between us and the last rays of the sun a figure not at all like the gigantic one prostrate before us. It was only a young lad, not very much older than the oldest of ourselves, bare-headed, barefooted, and with garments more picturesque than entire, evidently the shepherd of the flock, which, now closing up together as they hastily cropped the short herbage at our feet, told audibly, as well as visibly, that they at least felt it time to prepare for the night.

The boy returned our look of inquiry with one still more searching, relaxing at last into a sort of comical glance as he spoke some words in Irish, which we guessed to mean that he had mistaken us for fairies; but changing the expression of his face in an instant, with a perplexed but still shrewd and inquisitive look he thus more intelligibly addressed us:—'If ye didn't rise up out of the earth, or drop down from the sky, at anyrate 'tis far from home ye must be, and the night coming on. Where is the house that would hold ye, or the people that own ye, for I never laid eyes on the likes of ye before?'

True enough now was our time to look really startled. We all stood up, heedless of our overturned baskets and their lately-valued contents; we stood up, and gazed far and wide, as well as the fading light would permit; but not one familiar landmark could we descry, and turning to each other with faces blank with dismay, the one thought needed no words to express it—we have wandered too far: we are lost! How exactly that scene returns—that feeling—the miserable transition from unthinking enjoyment to alarm and care; the sudden importance acquired by the ragged little shepherd, as we all turned our eyes on him for information and advice, and his own quick consciousness of his position, as, assuming the great man in a moment, he looked down on us wretched little people with a grave and troubled air, all the while preserving an ominous silence, more reproachful and alarming than words could have been! At last the smile that all the time had been lurking in his eyes broke out into a laugh of irrepressible gaiety, as, bounding down from the little mound on which we were standing, he led the way to the brow of the hill behind us; and there, on the other side, far away indeed across the valley, but still within view, pointed out a line of plantation, at the same time pronouncing the name of our home with another quick glance of inquiry, succeeded by a nod of satisfaction, as we all joyfully exclaimed, 'Oh, is it there!' And yet the sight was but a passing relief. Every one that remembers an adventure of childhood, can recall how powerfully imagination always magnified the danger or the delight; how far away the landmarks seemed—how very near the clouds; and we, young as we were, being well read in story, all kinds of recollections mingled with our anticipations to heighten our distress: wild beasts, banditti, forests, caves; the wide, wide valley before us, the river in which some one had been drowned; until at last a night on the hill, and a bed on the heather, seemed the better alternative to those imaginary fears that conquered the more rational dread of alarm to our parents, and anger to ourselves. But there were brave little hearts amongst us after all; and their exhortations, with reiterated assurances of safe guidance from our new friend, at last gave some courage even to the most timid; and with spirits somewhat calmed, and hearts at anyrate resolved, we set out 'eastward darkly going' on our pilgrimage home.

So this was our first acquaintance with Shaneen. We have dwelt so long on the introduction, that there is hardly time to tell how well he fulfilled his under-

\* The completion of Mr Stevenson's labours has been the preparation of a splendid quarto, giving an 'Account of the Skerryvore Lighthouse, with Notes on the Illumination of Lighthouses.' Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh. To the narrative portions of this volume we are indebted for the materials of the above paper. The scientific details, and numerous illustrative plates, give the work itself an attraction which must be felt considerably beyond the bounds of the profession.

taking; how the look of mischief and fun vanished at the sight of our evident distress; how nothing but good-nature shone out as he would stoop to mount the smallest of us by turns on his back; how exactly he made his way to the ford with the stepping-stones; how he knew all the short cuts, and the gaps in the ditches; and above all, how, when utterly foot and heart-weary, some stumbled and fell, declaring they never again could get up; how he drew out, as if by magic, a little fife from his pocket, and playing up a well-known national air, put fresh vigour into us all, and enabled us to march steadily to the sound of it for the rest of the way.

He was a wonderful Shaneen! What a speech, nothing daunted, he made in our favour when we hadn't a word to say for ourselves! What a first-rate performer we all considered him, when, forgiven and rested, we were allowed after supper to bring him into the parlour, and hear him play two tunes more, a slow and a merry one, before we went off to our nests! What regrets when we inquired for him again in the morning; and yet what approval to find that no persuasions could induce him to desert his post for the night, and that, before our weary heads were well laid on the pillow, he was off and away to his flock on the hills! But from that time forward Shaneen often paid us a visit. Many an old tune he taught us, many a new one he learned: gradually he was made possessor of shoes, and a cap, and more comfortable clothing; and then he was taken to watch our own sheep, and then at last he was sent to school. All was well until then: but Shaneen was a born idler. It was said he was a genius; but if so, it lay between mischief and music—his friends giving him credit for the one, his foes for the other. He would set the whole school distracted with his song or his whistling, his pranks or his jokes; and the master could never leave the house for ten minutes, without finding himself recalled by the sound of the fife. This was particularly unfortunate, as he was of an agricultural turn, and would gladly have made leisure, even during school hours, to bestow on his farm. Under the monitorship of some good stupid lads, this had been always attainable, until the luckless moment of Shaneen's admission: then all was turned upside down. What a scandal to have the passers-by think he was 'holding a pattern,' when he, decent man, had set all to their Voster, and little expected to find them figuring in a reel when he came back from the field! Human patience could bear no more; so Shaneen also probably thought after undergoing a merciless drubbing; and being further threatened with expulsion, he escaped the disgrace by a voluntary flight.

Very sorry were we for poor Shaneen, and uneasy about him too. Days and months passed away without bringing any tidings, and we often blamed the school-master, and even sometimes blamed ourselves, as we remembered the simple pastoral life from which we had withdrawn him, and feared that it had but badly prepared him for the friendless intercourse with the world to which in all probability he had subjected himself.

But long as we had known Shaneen, we did not really know him: he had a plan of his own, to which all his aspirations long had been tending; and he was only waiting an opportunity to place it before us in a favourable light, when his hopes were completely upset by finding us bent on his mental improvement. Silently submitting, he was still heard at the time to say, 'If the old master must make a scollar of me, why, there's no saying agin' it. I'll do my best; and no blame to me or his honour if natur breaks out.'

This soliloquy was often afterwards remembered in his favour when charges of ingratitude were brought against Shaneen; and he had still better advocates; for never would a burst of the dairymaids' chorus float in from the bawn, or never would an old lonesome Irish air rise up from the valley, whistled by the ploughman as he followed his team, without reviving a memory of our own little minstrel, and winning even the most

obdurate to say, 'I wish we could tell what became of poor Shaneen.'

At length a round-about message gave news of his existence, and of his yearning to see us again. Poor fellow! he had viewed his offences in a much more aggravated light than any one else, as he did not venture even to send a direct messenger with his earnest request for forgiveness, and permission to play for the dancing on 'Miss Lucy's birthday;' and we with curiosity, or rather interest, too much alive to await his arrival, had some difficulty in tracing the intelligence to a source that could supply us with farther news. At last we made it out, and then for the first time learned that Shaneen's enterprising spirit had worked out the fulfilment of its own early day-dream. By a kind of free-masonry, which stood him instead of other recommendation, he had ingratiated himself with a favourite old piper, who used to pay his periodical visits quite in reputable guise with his pony and his boy. To become his pupil and attendant was Shaneen's secret ambition, the plan for which he had hoped our influence would not be refused; and he had only been waiting the next visit more effectually to propose it, when he was thus suddenly thrown upon his own resources, and acting for himself at a venture, succeeded as well as if he had all our interest at his back. The old man took a fancy to him at once, taught him his art, made him the companion of his wanderings—the life of all others most delightful to Shaneen—and even in regard to his feelings, withdrew for a while from the line of route which included the scene of his delinquencies; and finally, quite won by his assiduity, his talent, and his progress, bequeathed the pipes and the pony to 'his worthier hands.'

And now, to use Shaneen's own phrase, he was 'settled for life to travel about.' The first use he made of his independence was, as we have told, to renew his intercourse with his earliest friends; and never surely was arrival hailed with greater pleasure. He came exactly on 'Miss Lucy's birthday.' How we rejoiced in his advancement, wondered at his improvement, praised and introduced him to our assembled guests; while invitations and engagements came so fast upon Shaneen, that one would have thought there was to be nothing but dancing for the rest of the year. Merrily on our side we set the example; well was his part performed; and dear little Lucy, when she stood up at the top of that long country-dance set, promoted for the first time to the honour of a grown-up partner, what would she have done, 'midst her embarrassment and blushes, with every eye fixed on her, waiting until she named the dance—what would she have done with that cruel partner that enjoyed her confusion, calling audibly for 'Miss Lucy's fancy,' by way of giving help, had not sly Shaneen, prompt and good-natured as ever, caused a diversion, and given them all full occupation in a moment, by playing up that irresistible measure, the Fox-hunter's Jig?

Honours and rewards fell thick on Shaneen—Mr O'Flaherty now, except amongst ourselves. In those jovial days he was made welcome wherever he went: short need be the invitation that at the same time announced his arrival; and many an impromptu ball was got up for the sake of the piper, instead of the piper being summoned to attend at the ball. Indeed it began to be whispered that prosperity was spoiling him—that he had his special favourites, and could be relied on only by them: but we never found out that he unreasonably disappointed any; and if he had favourites, could we blame him while we were at the top of the list?

Once only—for complaints were always brought to us—we found it hard to excuse him, when, being appointed piper to the Emonde Hunt, and called on to play for the club after dinner, he shut up his pipes and walked out of the room, because whisky punch was ordered for him while the members were enjoying their claret. It surely seemed an absurd impertinence: but he had his favourites there too, and some of them followed to

remonstrate—some advising him to apologise, some requesting him to return, and all promising better treatment for the time to come: but no; Shanean was inexorable, and to all their intreaties gave this one answer, comprehending all he would say for past, present, and future—'Twas not for myself, but for my music I stood up; 'tis that alone that brings me into such honourable company, and for its sake I expect honourable treatment wherever I go. I would play for the childer on the cabin flure, and thank them kindly for the drink of cold water they brought from the spring; the girls at the farm will never say I slackened my hand when there was nothing in theirs but the cup of fresh butter-milk; and yer honours can remember that many's the time the jug passed backwards and forwards between the ould mather and myself, till I bothered him fairly to sleep with "The colleen dhas crutheen a mo." But new music for new fashions they will never match me—and if I once was to light up my heart with a drop of the cratur, while the cold wine was quenching their hearts and their brains, believe me for once—and there's no more use in talking—we'd part before the end of the night with more difference than now.'

There was no arguing further; the club dinners lost their chief attraction: but one of the members secured it at once for his own. A jolly old sportsman, he applauded O'Flaherty's spirit, dubbed him his family piper, and carried him home. Here for a while Shanean seemed quite contented, 'with the best of treatment, company, music, and dancing galore; but at the first opportunity the errant nature once more broke out: he transferred his allegiance from the father to one of the sons; and sorry, though not much surprised, we received his farewells before he set out with 'Master Darby,' and some others as restless and enterprising as himself, to try their fortune in fighting with the Irish legion for the young queen of Spain.

Their fortune was sorely tried—to believe their own story—the fickle goddess having made them her especial sport. But in one respect they were successful—they returned again; though without one other companion left to contradict or confirm their tale. For this singular good luck Master Darby modestly and quite satisfactorily accounted, by hints of royal regard, which of course no one expected to have more fully detailed; but Shanean, who did not feel under such deep obligations, whispered, in confidence, that they had barely escaped from a prison, where he at least was near being ruined for life by the rats having taken a fancy to nibble his fingers and toes; and he never could remember the outlandish name of that princess to whose favour Master Darby imputed their deliverance, though always ready to swear in Spanish, English, and Irish, that she would gladly have made him her own, only he thought it rather pleasanter to come home with his head on his shoulders than remain to have it chopped off for the amusement of 'the furriners.' Upon my life it is no lie, though not one of ye believe me. If Miss Lucy was here, 'tis she would give me credit, for she understood my manners, and knew I always meant the truth when I told a good story of another or a bad one of myself.'

But Miss Lucy was no longer there—that ally was gone. Whether in a spirit of observation or of prophecy, Shanean struck the right chord when he played the 'Fox-hunter' as Miss Lucy's fancy. Happily her choice possessed other perfections also, and more than supplied the place of home and friends when they had to cross the Atlantic together, and settle for a while in a distant land. There, one evening at a party in her own house, an Irish officer in command of the neighbouring garrison came up to her with a smiling apology for bringing an unwinvited guest; 'but,' added he, 'we brought a piper over from Ireland with the regiment—a capital one too—and I thought, for the sake of our common country, you would like to hear some of its old music again.'

'Oh surely—most gladly,' answered Lucy eagerly:

'you do not know what pleasant recollections the sound would recall;' and beckoning to her side two little prattlers, in whom she had an especial property, and who on this occasion had been allowed to sit up somewhat later than usual, she prepared them and the circle round her for the enjoyment they were about to have.

It was a large, long room, and at the farther end the musician entered, and making his bow, took a seat near the door. Lucy's glance just rested for a moment on the uniform of the regiment, and then leaning back in her chair, with eyelids half-closed, in silent pleasurable expectation listened to the first few preluding notes; but hardly had they floated up along through the room, when, starting, her eyes met those of her husband's, turned towards her at the same moment, and instantly the same exclamation burst from each, 'Can it be—can it possibly be Shanean?'

It really was himself. In a minute they stood beside him; in a minute glad words of recognition, of surprise, and of welcome had mutually passed; then followed the hurried questions, when, how, and why did he come all the way; and of course Shanean in one word threw the blame on 'the praties;' adding, that between poor-laws and poor-houses, 'ould Ireland was no place for a gentleman now. And the short and the long of it, Miss Lucy, ashore—madam, I mean, begging yer honour's pardon—sorry a wedding or a christening from Advent to Shrove, or to Advent again: and when mirth is gone, music may well say good-by.'

'Well, Shanean,' said Lucy's husband, 'I hope you will find a different story here; and as they are all in expectation, will you give us once more "Miss Lucy's fancy," for the sake of old times?'

Shanean's lively glance rested on them both for a moment with its happiest expression; then something made him bend over his pipes as if to tune them; but they wanted no tuning, so again looking up, he said gaily as ever, 'Shall I give it all to them? The "Madhereen Rhue" will astonish the natives.'

'Then do give it all,' answered both of them laughing; 'and yet not to astonish the natives, Shanean, but for the sake of many an Irish heart now in the room, that will warm to the sound of the Madhereen Rhue.'

We hope that few of our readers are so unlucky as never to have heard this exciting composition. Played on the Irish bagpipe, and by a good performer, it gives, as far as mere sound can convey, a scene of life and motion, a complete idea of a fox-hunt—the 'Madhereen Rhue' being the Irish for 'the little red dog,' alias 'Mr Fox,' whose peccadilloes form the opening and burden of the air all along in every interval between the find, the pursuit, the death, until at last the supposed convivialities of the evening are wound up by the never-failing Fox-hunter's Jig. Even on the spot where those scenes are real, how often have we been carried away by this lively representation! What, then, must have been its effect on those who now heard it again for the first time in a foreign land? All outward, all present associations forgotten, once more the hand was on the bridle, the light laugh upon the lip, then the gathering by the covert-side, the throwing off, the breathless pause; while amidst the measured notes would break in the chopping of some favourite hound, then another, and another, and then the wild burst as all mingled in full cry, and were off at a view: hardly could even Lucy refrain from joining in the 'tally—tally!' that broke from every lip; hardly could she bear the laugh it excited the next minute; and proudly would she have directed her husband's glance to the old Irish blood mantling up in the cheek of their own bright boy, as instinctively it warmed to the sound, had she not been restored to recollection by a smile that said plainly, 'I trust he is born to better things.'

Poor Lucy, she answered the smile with another, that might just as well have been a tear, for memory at the moment would not down; and in the young beaming face beside her she saw again her own boy brothers, and many a dear companion of their time; and now,

when the death was by the last of all his delight round Shanean's burying place. Again, 'the wine her hand, young, in the the prese And S at last, found out 'tharvel covery to still, even the dish careworn some we ness of li promise far away be still the illus dancing

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when the music saddened, and the wild lament at the death was played, when it seemed answered back again by the still wilder echoes of her own native glen—and last of all, when her darling, forgetful of everything but his delight, sprang across the room, and threw his arms round Shaneen's neck, she was fairly overcome, and burying her face in the sofa pillow, wept outright.

Again, poor Lucy, what would she have done but for 'the winding up?' when her own dear husband, taking her hand, led her forward, and each individual, old and young, in the room, following their example, the past and the future were swallowed up for the moment in the present enjoyment of the Fox-hunter's Jig.

And Shaneen, amidst a continually-shifting tide, has at last, strange to say, come to a quiet anchor: he has found out that there are better ways of settling than 'travelling about,' being partly indebted for the discovery to Lucy's light-hearted Canadian maid. But still, even as in earliest days, his notes give fresh life to the disheartened and weary ones: many a poor and careworn emigrant has passed onwards, revived by some well-beloved strain that was heard in the freshness of life's early promise, and now almost renews that promise again; while on happier occasions, when even far away over the waters, 'a rare Irish wedding' may be still brought about, who like Shaneen to complete the illusion, and make them all but believe they are dancing again with 'those they've left behind them?'

#### A WORD ON A DIFFICULT SUBJECT.

In 1846, an Industrial School for the education of poor children gathered from the streets was established in Dundee, from which the best effects, as regards the diminution of petty crime, were confidently anticipated. We are sorry to observe by a police report in a Dundee newspaper, that notwithstanding the operations of this useful seminary, crime cannot be said to have diminished in amount within the town; at least only two persons fewer have appeared before the police court in 1847 as compared with the number in 1846; while there is an increase of 101 persons as compared with 1844. This phenomenon has naturally attracted considerable attention, and the conviction is arrived at, that there must be 'some power at work' counteractive of the exertions made to cut up crime at its roots, by the establishment of the institution to which we have referred. If there be such a power, what is it? This is a question which merits an earnest investigation, and we could have wished that it had engaged the attention of the local authorities, and others interested, in a manner which would have gone far to settle all doubts on the subject.

At a public meeting which ensued on the publication of the Report, all the speakers, the resident sheriff included, were of one mind as to the cause of fully one-half of all the criminal cases which occurred in the town; and that cause, as will readily be supposed, was inordinate indulgence in intoxicating liquors. The power counteractive of peace and orderly behaviour was traceable to drink. On this point there could not exist the slightest doubt, for the fact was proved by statistical analysis. Having arrived at this unavoidable conclusion, the speakers one and all seem to have formed the opinion that the cause of drunkenness was the great number of public-houses and shops in which drink was sold; and that it would be proper to adopt all reasonable means to have that number reduced. One speaker, a clergyman, imputed the evil chiefly to the opening of public-houses on Sunday, and contended for some rigorous measures to enforce their being closed on that day. There the matter appears to have rested.

It is to be regretted that bodies of intelligent men

should almost systematically take so narrow a view of this very serious and complicated subject. That much crime is imputable to drunkenness, is quite true, but drunkenness is surely nothing more than the cause-proximate: there is a cause remote—a cause which causes the drunkenness; and can that, with any justice, be said to be merely the number of public-houses—the convenience presented for purchasing and imbibing liquors? Of course temptation leads to error; and every well-disposed person would wish to see the temptation to drinking lessened as far as is practicable. On that we agree with the speakers on the above occasion. But we hope to be excused for stating it as our belief, that local authorities will find it necessary to go somewhat deeper into social statistics, if they desire to reach the origin of the mischief.

The prevalence of habits of intoxication in Scotland would require to be investigated on a comprehensive scale, and with constant reference to the usages and social condition of other countries. A few observations will show the necessity for this form of inquiry. Drunkenness is caused by the cheapness and accessibility of liquors, says almost everybody. But how does this assumption agree with the fact, that there are countries—Holland, for example—where intoxicating liquors are abundant and cheap, and yet the people in these lands are comparatively sober in their habits? Again, drunkenness is pretty generally ascribed to the opening of public-houses on Sunday. But this assumption is met by the equally startling fact, that there are countries where there is no legally-recognised Sabbath, and where nearly all kinds of traffic are carried on as usual on Sunday; and yet the people in these countries are less given to habits of intoxication than the Scotch, or even the English. We appeal to all travellers if such is not obviously the case. Nothing is more common than to hear otherwise well-informed persons accounting for social evils by an exclusive reference to things only secondary or superficial, or which, in reality, have no actual connection with the subject. How frequently, for instance, do we hear it stated that the whole cause of Ireland's poverty and wretchedness is Roman Catholicism, while, by taking a short trip to Belgium, it would be distinctly seen that a country may be most intensely Roman Catholic, and yet that its people may be sober, orderly, industrious, their houses and farms models of neatness, and their morals unexceptionable. To account for great national idiosyncrasies by a reference to causes not borne out by principles universally applicable, is neither wise nor safe. In all investigations of this sort, we must ever take human nature, with all its aspirations and failings, along with us.

A volume would be required to treat the subject of intemperance thoroughly; and all we can here expect to do, is to point out the fallacy of imputing this monstrous evil to either Sunday trafficking or general dram-selling, and to lead those who possess more leisure into the track of right investigation. For the sake of seeing an effective reform accomplished, we would wish to toss overboard the small and local notions which at present unfortunately misdirect public attention. Let the authorities by all means proceed to regulate the public-house system; but with the assurance that *where there is a demand, there will be a corresponding supply*. They may rest satisfied of a fact warranted by experience, that the shutting up of all public-houses on Sunday, as some have recommended, would probably lead to the sale of liquors in private or unlicensed dwellings. As it is, no little tipping takes place by the clubbing of pence to introduce quantities of spirits into private houses; for by this means the profit to the public-house keeper is saved. And how far such clandestine practices will be aggravated by the general closing of licensed houses need not be particularised. Any attempt whatever to lessen

the demand for intoxicating drinks, seems more likely to be beneficial than a mere attack on public-houses. In whom, at present, does that demand reside? The working and humbler classes generally. At a time not far distant, habits of intemperance were prevalent among the higher and middle classes in Britain; in the present day, such habits are languishing and expiring. These classes—all who aim at respectability of character—have attained to that degree of elevation of taste which leads them to shun, or in fact never to think of, dram-drinking as a means of enjoyment. A merchant or shopkeeper of ordinary standing walks every day from his place of business to his home, through long lines of street studded with public-houses; but during that walk, it never once enters his mind that he should turn aside for a dram. He perhaps meets acquaintances by the way; he exchanges a few words with them; still he does not think of going off with them on a carouse. He attends a public meeting in the evening, and mixes and converses with many persons whom he is glad to see; but when the business of the assemblage is over, all are seen to take their way homeward. They do not adjourn to taverns to drink: each goes off to his own fireside. Such is now the conduct, we say, of the middle classes generally. In certain quarters there are exceptions; but they are dying out. Even at the entertainments of the middle classes, how little wine or spirits is now consumed! Some guests take only water, or tea, or coffee. Many taste the wines placed before them only as a matter of form; and this form is gradually relaxing. It is likewise pleasing to notice that at these entertainments no one presses another to drink: that has long since gone out of fashion. And yet temperate as people usually are on these occasions, there seems no diminution of pleasurable sensation. Anecdotes are told, wit sparkles, interesting subjects of conversation are started; the jest passes more quickly than the bottle. Some improvements doubtless still remain to be effected, if only in the forms of entertainments of this kind; but, all things considered, they are wonderfully temperate affairs, and show a prodigious advance on the manners of but half a century ago.

Now, if such be a tolerably correct picture of what prevails among the higher and middle classes, we wish to know what it is that hinders the working-classes, so called, from arriving at the same tastes, habits, and position. The operative is endowed with the same physical constitution as his employer. The Almighty has not set the seal of demoralisation on one more than another. All, of whatever station they be, possess, elementarily, the same faculties and feelings, qualified only by circumstances. There is nothing, then, abnormal in the bodily or mental conformation of a manual labourer to make him a drunkard. We mean to say there is no reason which can be traced to nature why one order of individuals should habitually yield to the temptations of the gin-palace, while another order of individuals should as uniformly resist or overlook them. The weakness which yields to such miserable temptations would almost seem to originate in some external but powerfully-influencing circumstances. Constant monotonous employment, which leaves little time for mental cultivation, will be given as a ready explanation of the phenomenon; but unfortunately for the invariable soundness of this line of argument, the appetite for intoxicants prevails as strongly among the idle or half-employed as it does among the busy. Besides, persons belonging to the middle class are in numerous instances as hard wrought, are engaged in as dull drudgeries, are pressed on by as painful cares, as those in the humbler departments of society; yet we do not find that they seek solacement in taverns. A poor clerk in a public office, whose toil is as unvarying, and scarcely more intellectual than that of a horse in a mill, does not spend his Saturday nights or his Sundays in a course of intemperance. Why? Because his tastes are superior to such practices. His self-respect, his wish to stand

well with the world, everything, acts as a shield against temptation. It might perhaps be well to inquire whether the method of paying wages weekly, or in small sums, had not some influence in creating that remarkable difference of habits between the manual-labouring and other classes? A clerk receiving £50 per annum in half-yearly payments, is found to be sober in habits, and to aim at respectable economic management; whereas an operative receiving his salary in the form of £1 per week, is, as a general rule, inspired by totally different feelings. In Glasgow, ten thousand men go to bed drunk every Saturday night, are drunk all Sunday, and remain drunk part of Monday! Such is the testimony of a local magistrate. Who are these men? Are they operatives liberated from workshops and factories, each with from 15s. to 25s. in his pocket, or are they persons whose payments are made by the quarter or half year? We say it would probably be of no small importance to ascertain how far the working-classes might be raised in the social scale by being placed on the same level as to forms of payment with clerks and other salaried assistants. The question is eminently worthy of consideration by those authorities who are groping about for means of diminishing crime and intemperance. We are inclined to think that no small good would be done by extending the term of payment from a week to a quarter—to give a workman no longer a wage, but a salary—provided the operative classes were sufficiently economic to permit of their accepting such a change, and provided it would be always quite safe for them to leave their earnings in the hands of employers for a space of three or six months.

Without at present going further into this interesting question, it may be admitted, by a reference to the habits of operatives in other countries, that even during a continuance of the weekly wage system, there exists a possibility of raising the standard of individual tastes, and meliorating the more objectionable habits of the manual-labouring classes. The manner in which persons in respectable circumstances—and among these we gladly include many individuals occupying the position of workmen—have redeemed themselves from the vice of intemperance, seems to point out how this may be done. The acquisition of a taste for reading, a love of music, a love of home: literature and the fine arts, in short, are among the engines of refinement that may be principally employed. Nor should we omit to record the efficacy of those simple beverages, tea and coffee, in carrying out this great moral revolution; for to nothing has the cause of temperance been more largely indebted. Soirees, lectures, reading-rooms, public meetings for objects of an intellectual kind, should all be pressed into the same service; for where men and women meet together in orderly assemblies, where decent attire is expected, and polite attentions are interchanged, drunkenness with its madness, rags, and disorder, can never hope to enter. We are all prone to imitate; we learn, in fact, more from example than by precept; and where different grades meet, and the orderly and self-respecting prevail, the inferior elements will soon be absorbed and assimilated. The duty to reclaim is equally imperative with that of being reclaimed; and while we associate with the prudent and respectable, we dare not, as Christians, abandon the dissolute and disorderly. 'They that are whole need no physician;' and to the weak and erring the middle and higher classes must direct more of their attention, if they would have them reclaimed. Despised, abandoned, and shunned, the victims of vice and intemperance have nothing human to lose; regarded with due interest, self-respect begins to rally, and no man willingly, or all at once, would forego the good opinion of his fellows. It is too much the fashion to lecture and counsel in the abstract, and to neglect the more potent appliance of a practical friendly attention. Thus let society, with all the aids it can derive from education and religion, address itself to the duty of superseding vicious by correct tastes—of calling up

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emotions which are at present not dead, but only benumbed by habits and circumstances. In the success of the effort we would have greater hopes than a vengeful onslaught on public-house.

### LONGCHAMPS.

It is well known that politics are altogether excluded from the pages of this Journal, its object being rather to harmonise and elevate the character of the people, than to excite those disturbing emotions which are so often awakened by the perplexing problems of political science. Therefore have we, in these stirring times, allowed the tide of revolution to sweep across our European continent, without tracing out its course, or speculating on its probable results. We must, however, crave permission to depart so far from our prescribed path, as to notice the silent crumbling away of one mighty power, which, within the brief space of the last few weeks, has faded into obscurity, and whose fallen fortunes may materially affect the people of this kingdom. Whig and Tory, Radical and Conservative—all have equally bowed to its sway; all are equally concerned in the departed glory of Longchamps.

This subject may be supposed exclusively to affect the female portion of our community; but while it is true that the *artistes des modes* and their multitudinous employers are chiefly concerned in the matter, let it not be supposed that the lords of creation are altogether unaffected by it. How many a worthy squire has exchanged the produce of his broad acres for those graceful and delicate fabrics on which the stamp of fashion had been affixed at Longchamps! How many a domestic plan has hinged upon its expected decrees! Even to our most remote and dullest country towns has its influence extended; and oftentimes has the lighting up of Hymen's torch been delayed until Longchamps had issued its despotic mandates touching the form and materials of a bridal *trousseau*. Nor is it in Great Britain alone that Longchamps has hitherto exercised its magic sway. The professed simplicity of republican life has not exempted our Transatlantic neighbours from its influence; and in our Asiatic empire, the costly tissues of the East are fashioned by Indian tailors according to the spirit of its dictates.

May we not, then, be allowed to express our regret that Longchamps has shared in the vicissitudes of the present eventful times; and that its glories have been suffered silently to pass away, without even the redeeming *clat* which might have rendered its extinction a matter of history? Such has been its recent fate; and at the present moment of desertion and neglect, we think it due to so renowned a spot to trace out briefly the origin of its fame, and of that despotic sway which it has been wont to exercise over a large portion of our globe.

It is pretty generally known that through one of those strange fatalities by which events the most dissimilar are sometimes linked together, the modish sway of Longchamps had its origin in devotional attachment to its celebrated abbey. Before speaking, therefore, of its more recent history, we must carry back our readers from this present busy bustling century to the Gothic ages, and tell them that, owing to the favour of King Robert the Pious, some peculiar privileges were granted to the Abbaye de St Maur (situated near Vincennes); and amongst others, he conferred on it that of being the only monastic church in the diocese of Paris wherein the laity were allowed to attend the services of the church—a permission which was so acceptable to the lay part of the population, that on the occasion of certain solemn festivals, a vast crowd of people were in the habit of pressing within its sacred precincts. At such times it was expected of all the officers of justice belonging to the several domains which were attached to the abbey, that they should appear there in attendance on the lordly bailiff. And the male inhabitants of the village of St Maur, fully armed, responded also to the

appeal of their magistrates and officers, in whose train they walked in procession, with drums beating and colours flying, to the collegiate church. This sight attracted a crowd of artisans from Paris, whose presence did not deter the ladies of the court from continuing their devotions there during the Holy Week, inasmuch as it had for ages been the established usage for every woman to appear there who was privileged to ride in a coronetted equipage. This was a religious custom, which had originated with Queen Bertha, the daughter-in-law of Hugh Capet; and it would have been deemed a sort of profanity to have neglected a tradition which had descended throughout so many generations.

Towards the year 1730, however, the parochial bands began to discharge their firearms occasionally within the walls of the church, which failed not to attract a great concourse of the Parisian populace, and naturally resulted in much irreverence.

The simple monks of St Maur thought to find a remedy for this growing evil by exposing in the midst of the choir all the sacred relics of their sacristy, which, they doubted not, would excite the respect of the people. This innocent device only augmented the tumult; for thereby were attracted from the quarter of St Antoine, and from the neighbourhood of Charpenton, a multitude of sick people, who not only attended the service of the *Ténèbres*\* on Good-Friday, but insisted on passing the night within the walls of the church, in order that they might be present at the early mass on the following morning. A terrible uproar was the consequence. The cries and supplications of these sick people were frightful. They were carried round the church in the arms of several strong men, and shouted with all their might, 'St Maur! St Maur! obtain my cure, I beseech you!' The bearers made a still greater noise by crying out lustily, 'Room for the sick! More air! more air! Away with red!' and then every woman who had a shred of scarlet about her made haste to conceal it, and some charitable men busied themselves in fanning the infirm beings with their hats. There were, moreover, image-venders, and sellers of wax-lights, and lame beggars asking for alms. In short, there was such a hubbub, that it was impossible to hear any of the services, and sometimes the chants were sung in four or five different keys in the different angles of the church.

The end of all this was, that the Archbishop of Paris issued an episcopal mandate, signifying to the good people of the metropolis, as well noble as plebeian, that they must go and chant their office of the *Ténèbres* elsewhere than at St Maur-des-Fossés, inasmuch as it would henceforth be closed, and guarded during Passion week by a picket of the French Guards.

This was a great relief to the monks of St Maur, who had been thoroughly disquieted, and even alarmed, by the tumults and disorders which had recently taken place within their church. The measure was cordially approved of by all truly religious persons; but there were certain *dévots* who abused the archbishop as roundly as if he had placed all the churches in his diocese under an interdict; some of them even threatened to appeal against so enormous an abuse to the king, which, reaching his majesty's ears, amused him exceedingly.

\* There are, says a contemporary French writer, in alluding to this subject—'there are to be found in every place some worthy people who don't like to meditate at home, and who never wear out the velvet of their own *prie-dieu*. They complain that their parish church is damp, or the incense burnt there of so inferior a sort that it gives them a headache; or else that the doors of the church close so imperfectly, that they always catch cold there. To such people the journey to St Maur was

\* In Roman Catholic countries, the churches are darkened on Good-Friday, by means of sable hangings, which exclude almost every ray of light, so that the services are performed amid deep obscurity; hence the term *Ténèbres* is applied to the religious services of that holy day.

an innocent party of pleasure, which they could not renounce, without bearing some ill-will to the archbishop who had deprived them of the recreation.'

Fortunately an opportune resource presented itself; for just at this time the Abbaye de Longchamps, which is near Boulogne-sur-Seine, was celebrated for its educational talent, and assiduous pains were bestowed on the musical instruction of the young ladies who were domesticated there. Mademoiselle Lemore, a favourite opera singer, had, on her conversion, retired into this place of religious seclusion, and her rich voice was heard to swell amid the youthful choir of the abbey church. The Orleans family were in the habit of passing the Easter at St Cloud, and it seems that the enchanting music at Longchamps had won their attendance at the abbey during the religious services of the Holy Week. The beauty of its chants was soon spoken of at Versailles in such glowing terms, that the court ladies resolved to hear them, and from thence the fashion of frequenting Longchamps speedily reached Paris; so that from this period (1733) all the most elegant and distinguished persons of the metropolis attended the office of the Ténébres; and the entrance to the abbey church of Longchamps was so thronged on these occasions, that half the persons who sought to gain admission within its walls were obliged to retire without accomplishing their purpose. The financiers' wives came laden with all the diamonds of their caskets; the ladies in waiting from Versailles in their court costumes; the officers of the guard in full uniform. In short, it became the scene of fashionable hubbub and display; and the worthy archbishop, considering that the follies and frivolities of the great were as desecrating to these solemn services as had been the grosser tumults at St Maur, found himself obliged once more to exercise his episcopal authority, by ordering that the doors of the Abbaye de Longchamps should be closed during the Ténébres on Good-Friday.

Thus were the Parisian *beau-monde* excluded from those services which they had attended only from motives of curiosity or fashion; but meanwhile the avenues of Longchamps had become such a favourite resort, that the Parisians continued to flock thither as eagerly as ever on the annual recurrence of the same sacred season; nor were the company less brilliant or less numerous, because they had no longer any other professed object for their attendance beside the important one of seeing and being seen.

These assemblages, occurring as they always did at the close of winter, afforded to the Parisian *artistes des modes* the earliest opportunity of displaying their taste in spring and summer costumes. Hence it became the established law of fashion that no novelty in dress should be attempted until the flat of Longchamps had been issued concerning the forms and colours which should prevail during the ensuing summer. The supremacy in taste thus assumed by Longchamps has been undisputed for more than a century past, except during a brief period of that revolution whose iron sway, extending as it did to the most minute circumstances of life, invented the *coiffure à la guillotine*, and the *robe à la victime*; a miserable play upon words, which were but too full of stern and bitter realities.

No sooner, however, was tranquillity restored to the homes and hearths of France, than Longchamps quickly reassumed its supremacy in the world of fashion and of taste; and so universal has been the homage yielded ever since to its mysterious sway, that at the present moment, when it is virtually defunct, there is a sort of perplexity abroad as to the choice of costumes for the summer of 1848. Whether *mantelets*, or *visites*, or *paleottes* shall have the ascendancy in walking attire?—whether republican simplicity or Grecian elegance shall prevail in our drawing-rooms and in our assemblies? who shall decide?

May we not hope that a *provisional government* has already been established among the fair *modistes* of Paris, from whose secret council-chambers such artis-

tical decrees shall issue forth as to win the same ready and universal obedience which has for so long a period been yielded to the despotic mandates of Longchamps?

### WELL ENOUGH.

WITHOUT wishing to be thought wiser, better, or more clear-sighted than my neighbours, I would nevertheless warn them against such phrases as the one selected as a title to this little paper. It is a very significant phrase, significant of a dangerous laxity in the character and conduct of those with whom it is habitual. 'That will do quite well enough'—I have done it well enough—are not words ever uttered by those who have a high, that is, a true sense of duty. No man who knows what work ought to be, can talk of anything he has done as being 'well enough.' It is a lazy, slovenly, 'make-shift' sort of spirit that can for a moment tolerate the idea of doing any given business just merely 'well enough.' Nothing is done well enough that we can, by proper exertion, do better. Let us still go on 'bettering what is best.' To do this, we must keep our minds well braced up to the highest point they can be stretched to, without an over-strain. Depend upon it, this tension is better for us morally, intellectually, ay, even physically, than the state of relaxation which is evinced by the use of the words, 'Oh, that will do quite well enough.' There is a whole world of unsatisfactory morality in these common and seemingly harmless words. If the spirit which prompts them were to rule society, society would speedily come to an end. The 'well-enough' principle has in it no ideal of perfection, no thought beyond the immediate and the present, no recognition of the Infinite. It is selfish, earthly, and unenduring. No race of men, no single man, was ever regenerated by doing things 'well enough'; the heroes, the reformers of mankind, took their labour as a Divine mission, and did it accordingly—as well as in them lay—if need were, dying in the act of completing or bettering their work. These were not the people to scramble or lounge through an allotted task, and then push it from them with the exclamation, 'There! that will do well enough!'

Let us glance for a moment at the vast quantity of rubbish cast upon the world under the courteous name of *work* done 'well enough.' Everywhere this sort of work meets us. In manufactures, in mechanics; in agriculture and in art; in legislation and in literature. In every department of civilised life there are found things, like Dr Wolcott's razors, 'made to sell'; things which have no reality in them—that is, which have no portion of the maker's *mind* invested in them, giving them their pro-principle of life—utility. Such things are indeed dead matter. They were made by people who put no heart into the work, who 'got through' it, who did not think of it earnestly, as a duty to be honestly, truly, religiously achieved for the use of others. With a false estimate of themselves and their mission (perhaps without a thought of either), they looked with contempt upon the object of their so-called work, and sent it forth as something 'good enough' for the occasion.

If men were but properly impressed with an idea of conscientious work—work done according to conscience—nothing merely *got through*, or made to look as if it were done, but honestly done, actually done, to the best of our ability, what a different world it would be then!

I do not desire to set up one set of people against another, or to insinuate that the world is altogether in a worse state than it was two thousand years ago; but there is no shutting one's eyes to the fact, that work is not so sacred a thing with us as it was among the ancients. As far as we can see, there was no inefficient *well-enough* working then. Look at the Roman roads, and aqueducts, and walls; at Grecian works of art, Egyptian and Indian temples and tombs. Now, these things were all done in earnest. Their makers meant

them to be as good as ever they could be—to last as long as possible. These works have the two ideas of perfection and of duration clearly marked on them. Those who made them, worked with these ideas in their minds, and they remain in the work to bear testimony to the fact. They may be read as distinctly there as if they were written in ineffaceable words. It would be mere folly to say that these ideas of perfection and endurance are peculiar to the looker-on of the present day; it cannot be so, for the remains of ancient work affect all lookers-on in the same way with regard to these ideas. Of course they suggest many others to different minds, but *invariably* they make men admire the greatness of the conception, and the enormous labour expended in the execution. Now let us turn to similar works among ourselves. Erections of public utility—let us look at them. Do they look as if they would last, or as if they were meant to last as long as a Roman road? How is it that railway bridges and viaducts are so frequently giving way?—that newly-built houses fall about men's heads?—that steam-ships are continually blown up? 'Oh,' some one replies, 'it is because we live so fast. We have so much to do, that there is no time for doing things substantially, as the ancients did: they could take their time about all their business.' I believe this to be no true reason. If we were impressed with a just idea of the necessity for being honest in our work, we should never be in so great a hurry to finish it as to leave the most important half undone. No: it is not from the rapidity of material progress around us, that our material works are so unstable, incomplete, and mean. It is from the want of a high standard of right in our morality of every-day life. We think of saving ourselves trouble, not of doing the work set for us in the best manner. We are all of us tainted more or less with this selfishness. We would all of us, like Bettine, 'strangle our duty, if we could once catch hold of its neck.' But this must not be. We must rouse ourselves, and get out of this low and contemptible view of life. Duty is not an ugly thing—a thing to be avoided. It is lovely beyond all earthly things, for it is heavenly. Whatever our work may be—whether pin-making or law-making—writing for others to read, or baking for others to eat—making railways, or preaching sermons—let us not try how little labour and pains we can put into it. Let it be our constant aim to do everything as well as we can; to leave as little as possible incomplete; and this not merely for the vain glory of doing better than our neighbours, but for the satisfaction of our own conscience: in other words, let us labour to make all our actions conform to the ideal standard of right and perfect within our own minds. When we do this, we shall never talk of anything we have done as being 'well enough.' We shall never on this earth do 'well enough.'

### THE UGLY DUCKLING.

BY CHRISTIAN ANDESEN.

[If our information be correct, we know nothing in this country of Danish literature, except through the medium of German translations; and the genius of these two languages unluckily has no correspondence whatever. But the translation we now offer to our readers has not merely a certain value as being taken from the Danish direct—it is a curiosity in itself; being the production of a young Danish lady, Zora Groos, of Kolding, who is self-taught in English, who never was out of her own country, and who never, except on one occasion, even conversed with a native of England. This want of ordinary opportunities, our readers will see, has not prevented her from acquiring a competent knowledge of English; and we know that she is able to read Shakespeare with great enjoyment. We may add, that in this curious piece Andersen is supposed to have allegorised his own career.—Ed.]

It was very lovely in the country, for it was summer; the corn was yellow and ripening, and in the green meadows stood the stork, on his long red legs, and talked Egyptian, for that was the language his mother had taught him. Round the fields and meadows were large woods, and in the woods dark blue lakes. Oh, it was a lovely scene! In the bright sunshine stood an

old manor-house, surrounded by a wall and a deep moat; and from the wall down to the water grew large leaves, so large and high, that a little child might stand upright under some of them; and here a duck lay upon her nest: she was brooding over her eggs. But at this time she was very weary, for she had sat long, and she had very few visitors—the other ducks liking better to swim on the moat than to sit under the leaves and quack with her.

At length one egg cracked after another, all the yolks were alive, and the little ones put forth their heads and cried, 'Peep, peep!' 'Quack, quack!' said the mother duck; and then the little ones looked abroad from under the green leaves, and their mother suffered them to look as long as they liked, for the green colour is very pleasant to the eyes, and not at all hurtful.

'How large the world is!' said all the little ones; for now they had more space to look about them than when they were in the egg.

'Do you think this is the whole world?' said the mother. 'Oh no: it reaches far on the other side of the garden, even to the clergyman's meadow; but there I have never been. I hope you are all here,' said she, as she rose from her nest. 'Ah no! the largest egg is still there. How tedious it is!' and the poor duck lay down again.

'How do you do?' said an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

'One of my eggs will not hatch,' answered she; 'but pray look at my others, are they not the loveliest ducklings you ever saw? They are the very image of their father, the rascal, who does not even pay me a visit.'

'Let me see the egg that will not burst,' said the visitor; 'surely it is the egg of a turkey! I was once imposed upon in the very same manner, and the little ones were very troublesome indeed to me; for I must tell you they are afraid of the water. Leave off trying to hatch that egg, and teach your other ducklings to swim.'

'I will try it yet a little longer,' said the poor duck. 'Do as you like,' replied her visitor, and away she went.

At length the great egg cracked. 'Peep, peep!' said the young one when he came out; but oh how large and how ugly he was! The poor duck stared at him.

'What a wonderful large creature!' said she; 'none of my others look like that. I hope it will not turn out to be a turkey; but that will soon be settled, for he shall go on the water, even if I push him in myself.'

The following day the weather was lovely, the sun shone upon the large green leaves, and the mother duck with her whole family went to the moat; and plash in she plunged into the water. 'Quack, quack!' said she, and all her little ones followed her, smoothly gliding upon the waves; and they were all there, even the great ugly gray creature was also swimming.

'No, it is no turkey,' said she. 'See how nicely he uses his feet, how well he bears himself; he is my own little one after all; and indeed he is not so ugly. Now come all of you with me, and I will introduce you to the world, and present you in the poultry-yard; but you must keep near me, and beware of the cats.'

So they went to the poultry-yard: here they found a terrible uproar, for two families had laid claim to an eel's head, which at length the cat seized.

'Such is the world,' said the mother duck, wiping her beak, for she, too, had taken a fancy to the eel's head. 'Now make haste; come and curtsy to the old duck there, she is the grandee of the whole poultry-yard; she has Spanish blood in her veins; and see, she has a red rag tied round one of her legs; that is a most delightful thing, and the greatest honour a duck can obtain: it signifies that she is not to be lost, but that both animals and men are to know her. Come on; look to your feet; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide, like father and mother; now curtsy to her, and say "quack!"'

And they did so as well as they could; but the other



ducks around said aloud, 'What! are we to have them also here, as if we were not enough without them?—and look how ugly that one is; we will not suffer him to be among us;' and so a duck ran and bit him in his neck.

'Let him alone,' said his mother; 'he does no harm.' 'No; but he is such an immense creature, and looks so odd,' said the duck that bit him.

'Your children are very pretty, my good woman,' said the old duck with the red rag round her leg; 'very charming, save that one which has not prospered so well; I wish he could be remodelled.'

'That is impossible, your ladyship,' replied the duck. 'He certainly is not handsome, but he has a kind heart, and he swims so nicely, quite like the others—nay, perhaps somewhat better; and as he is a drake, the beauty is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong, and then he will get well through the world.'

'Your other ducklings are charming,' said the Spanish duck. 'Now regard this as your home; and if you should find a fish's head at any time, you can bring it to me.'

And thenceforward they looked upon the poultry-yard as their home. But the poor duckling was so large and so ugly was scorned and laughed at by the whole poultry-yard. The hens and ducks said, 'He is such a huge ugly creature;' and the turkey-cock, who was born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an emperor, puffed out his feathers, like a ship under sail, and marched straight up to him, and gobbled at him till his head grew red as fire. The poor duckling knew not whether to run or stand still; and felt very sorrowful at being so ugly, and the laughing-stock of the whole poultry-yard.

Thus it was the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was despised by them all; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and said often, 'Would that the cat might catch thee, thou ugly one!' and even his mother said, 'Would that thou wert far from hence!' And the ducks still bit him, and the hens pecked him, and the servant who fed the poultry kicked him away with her foot.

At length he flew over the hedge: the little birds in the bushes were terrified. 'Ah, it is because I am so ugly!' thought the poor duckling; and he stole away. On he wandered till he came to the great fens, where the wild geese dwelt; and there he lay awake the whole night, weary and sorrowful. Next morning the wild geese flew up, and then they discovered their new comrade. 'What sort of a creature art thou?' said they; and the duckling turned to all sides, and made his best reverence. 'Thou art very ugly,' said the wild geese; 'but no matter, if thou dost not marry any of our family.' Poor creature! he did not think of marrying, if he were but suffered to lie in the reeds, and drink the muddy water in peace.

'Bang—bang!' two wild geese fell dead in the fens, and the water grew bloody. 'Bang—bang!' whole troops of wild geese flew up, and then the report again was heard. It was a large shooting party. The sportsmen surrounded the fens; some were seated in branches of the trees. The blue smoke from the guns hung like a cloud over the dark leaves and the water: the dogs searched the fens. What a season of terror to the poor duckling! He turned his head in order to hide it under his wing from such dreadful sights, and saw an immense dog with flashing eyes and red tongue. He opened his mouth, showed his sharp white teeth, and sunk off. 'Thank Heaven,' thought the duckling, 'that I am so ugly that even the dog will not bite me;' and he kept quite still while the shots were rushing through the reeds.

Some time after, all became silent, but yet he dared not move. He waited several hours; then at last he looked around, and left the fens as fast as possible. Away he ran over fields and meadows; and the wind blew so high, he could hardly go on. About nightfall

he reached a poor little cottage. It was so miserable, that it did not know to which side to fall, and therefore it stood.

The wind grew higher and higher; and looking eagerly for a shelter, the poor duckling saw that the door fitted so miserably, that there was room for him to creep in through the crack; and so he did.

There an old woman lived with her cat and her hen—the cat could catch mice, mew, and purr; and the hen laid good eggs; and the old woman loved them both as if they had been her children.

Next morning they discovered the poor duckling, when the hen began to cackle and the cat to mew: this attracted the attention of the old woman. 'What is the matter?' said she; but soon she too observed the duckling, and being short-sighted, thought it was some very large fat duck that had lost its way. 'What a good catch I have got; now I shall have duck's eggs! Ah I hope it is no drake: that we shall soon see.'

And she waited three weeks, but had no eggs. And the duckling found that the cat was master of the house, and the hen was mistress; and whenever they conversed, they always said, 'We and the world!' and they thought themselves the greatest and best part of the world. Sometimes the duckling attempted to be of another opinion, but the hen would not permit it.

'Can you lay eggs?' asked she.

'No,' replied the poor duckling.

'Then hold your tongue.'

And the cat would say—'Can you catch mice, mew, and purr?'

'No.'

'Then you must be silent when wiser people are speaking.'

And the duckling sat in one corner of the room, and was always very sad. He thought of the open air, of the sunshine, and he longed to glide once more upon the water. At length this desire grew so strong upon him, that he told it to the hen.

'What an idea!' said she. 'You have nothing to do, and therefore you have such fancies. Lay eggs, or catch mice, and you will soon forget them.'

'But it is so delightful to swim upon the water,' said the duckling; 'so delightful to bathe in it, to plunge one's head under it.'

'Delightful indeed!' answered the hen. 'You have lost your wits to a certainty: ask the cat, the cleverest creature I know, if he would like to glide upon the water! Or even ask our mistress, the old woman (wiser than her there is none in the world), if she would like to swim on the water indeed, or dive under it!'

'Alas! you do not understand me,' said the poor duckling.

'But if we cannot understand thee, who can? Do you think yourself wiser than the cat, or the old woman, or even than me? Thank Heaven, my child, for your happiness. Do you not live in a warm room; and have you not made profitable acquaintances in the cat and me? But you are ungrateful, and it is not pleasant to hold intercourse with such: you may rely upon me that I wish you well, for I tell you all these unpleasant things, and that is the sign of a true friend. Now do your best to lay some eggs or catch mice.'

'I will go out into the wide world,' said the duckling.

'Pray do,' answered the hen.

The wretched duckling left the cottage; he soon met with some water; he plunged into it, and swam over it in rapture.

It was now autumn; the leaves in the woods became yellow and brown, the wind whirled them around, and then hurled them away, the air became cold, the clouds were heavy with hail and snow; it was a miserable time for the poor duckling.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, a whole troop of large beautiful birds rushed forth from the bushes; the duckling had never seen anything so fair; they were dazzlingly white, with long slender necks: it

was a troop of swans. They spread their large glorious wings, and flew away from the cold lands to warmer countries—to the sweet blue lakes; they soared higher and higher, and the poor ugly duckling was quite bewildered with their loveliness and their powers. He could not forget them, those beautiful, those happy birds: he knew not their name, nor whether they flew, but he felt such love to them as he had never felt for anything before: he did not envy them; how could he think of being like *them*, poor ugly creature, who would have been glad if even the ducks had suffered him to live among them?

Winter came, and with it the piercing cold of the north: the duckling was soon obliged to keep swimming round and round in the water of a pond, to prevent its freezing; but every night the hole grew smaller, and he was compelled to move his feet incessantly to keep it open; at length he became very faint, and lay quite benumbed in the ice.

The next morning a peasant passed, saw him, broke the ice with his wooden shoe, and bore him home, where he was brought to life again; and the children wanted to play with him; but the duckling was afraid of them, and in his terror he flew up into the milk-dish, so that half the milk was spilt. The peasant's wife began to scream; this frightened him into the butter-tub, then into the meal-box, and out again. Heavens! how odd he looked, all milk and meal! And the woman attempted to reach him with the tongs, and the children ran after him, laughing and screaming. What luck for the poor duckling that the door was open! Away he ran, and plunged into the snow, where he lay in a sort of lethargy.

But it would be too sad to describe the misery of the wretched creature during the long long winter. When the snow melted, he found himself lying in the fens; soon the sun began to shine warmly, and the larks to sing—the sweet spring was come. Then at once he raised his wings; they were far larger than when he last spread them, and bore him rapidly away: soon he saw himself in a large garden, where the apple-trees were blooming, where the lilacs exhaled their fragrance, and dipped their long green branches in the deep-winding river. Everything was full of beauty, and upon the water floated three fair swans, lightly skimming the waves with their dazzling wings. The duckling recognised the beautiful birds, and his heart throbbed. 'I will fly to them, the kingly birds. Perhaps they will kill me, because I who am so ugly have ventured to approach them; but no matter—better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked away by the servants, and suffer all that I have done through the long rough winter;' and he swam towards the beautiful swans: they saw him, and approached. 'Kill me,' said the wretched creature, and bowed his head to the surface of the water, and expected instant death. But what did he see in the clear waves? 'His own image! and lo! he was no longer a clumsy, swarthy bird, ugly and despised—he was *himself* a swan! (It matters not to have been born in a poultry-yard, if one has but lain in the egg of a swan.)' He was almost glad he had suffered so much. Now he knew better how to value all the happiness that surrounded him. And the swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children came into the garden and cast bread and cakes into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, 'There is a new swan!' and the other children repeated joyfully, 'Yes, there is a new one!' and they clapped their hands, and danced, and called their father and mother, and bread and cakes were thrown to him, and they all cried, 'The new swan is the most beautiful—so young and fair!' and the old swans bowed to him.

Then he felt quite bashful, and hid his head under his wing, he knew not why; but he felt too happy, but not proud; for a *kind* heart never becomes proud. He felt how despised he had been, and now he heard him-

self praised as the fairest of those fair birds; and the lilacs bowed to him with their graceful branches; and the sun shone out brightly. Then his eyes sparkled, he lifted his slender, elegant neck, and full of joy, he exclaimed, 'I did not dream of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling.'

#### INTERCOURSE OF THE RUSSIANS AND CHINESE.

IN 1728 the treaty of Kiakhta was signed, under which the intercourse between the Russians and Chinese is still carried on. This intercourse is described at some length by Mr Erman, to whose work we return; and we now propose to condense his sketches, whether of an amusing or informing nature, and render them, from other sources, more complete than his own opportunities permitted.

Finding that we shall be unable to notice, as we had proposed, his very interesting account of the Samoyeds near the arctic circle, we must be content to rejoin our traveller as he begins to approach the southern frontiers of Siberia. Here, in the very midst of the largest continent in the world, we find him gazing with wonder upon an inland sea 360 nautical miles in length, and from fifty to seventy broad, and vexed by such sudden and terrible storms, as render it dangerous for vessels to carry topmasts. The most violent wind that visits Lake Baikal, as it is called, is the north-west, which sweeps down from lofty and rugged mountains; but squalls almost as perilous are frequent from every point of the compass. The waves in these inland waters are often seven feet high. The avenue of the Chinese trade is carried round the lake in zig-zags over the mountains; but the safest line for traffic is over the ice of the Baikal in winter. By this route our author pursued his strangely-diversified journey. 'Thick mists,' says he, 'rose like smoke over the water, and seemed to float onward with the torrent, while beyond it we had the boundless surface of the frozen lake glimmering in the distance. List-venishnaya takes its name from the splendid woods of larch which extend over both sides of the spacious valley. We continued our journey by moonlight, and came to a rugged projection of the hills on our left, which formed a landmark between the Angara and the lake, and then struck into a narrow tract, hemmed in between its waters and the rocks which confine them. The jagged and shattered outline of these gigantic masses was sufficient proof that the sandstone must have already given place to another formation. An open space now extended for some verst along the shores of the Baikal, and after some time, we came upon a wide extent of ice, which we availed ourselves of, keeping close to the shore till we arrived at the post-house of Kadihnaya. At this point we turned off from the western coast directly across the sea, till we made Posolokoi, on the opposite side. There was no snow upon the ice, so that its surface shone like a polished mirror in the moonlight. The horses that were put under our sledges in Kadihnaya had to be held on each side till the very moment of starting, when they broke at once into full gallop, which they kept up till we landed on the further shore. We completed seven German miles in two hours and a quarter; this is undoubtedly the most extraordinary, as well as the most speedy stage upon any route in Russia. The smoothness of the way, however, was hardly more in our favour than the speed of the Bunet horses, which are supplied at the coast station. The regular and steady tread of our horses' feet rang over the wide and dreary waste, interrupted now and then by the creaking of the sledges, as they yielded to the draught; or by the duller noise emitted from the ice cracking under the increasing severity of the frost.'

Beyond this, the windows of the peasants were of pieces of mica sewed together with black horse-hair; and the verst-post of Tarakanova gave the distance of 5963

from St Petersburg, and 5450 from Moscow.\* The inhabitants are thus, as our traveller remarks, but a trifling distance farther from the centre of the earth than they are from their own capital. The trains of sledges laden with tea, which had been a frequent sight along the whole road from Tobolsk, became now more numerous, each train comprising from 50 to 100 one-horse carriages, with tea sewed up in hides. Only a few drivers sufficed for the convoy; and the reason is, that they make it the interest of the horses to follow in line, by placing a bundle of hay on the hinder part of each of the sledges. Relays are hired from station to station, and thus the merchandise may be carried at full speed from Kiakhta to Moscow; and in the wild part of the country we are now traversing, it is curious to see the headlong troop bound out of the way like a flock of sheep when they meet a heavy carriage. In Russia, the post-drivers are frequently the heroes of the popular ballads, and for a reason which appears to have escaped Mr Erman, although in the first volume he gives an instance of the fact. Horses are not kept, as elsewhere, by the postmasters; they are obtained from the neighbouring peasants as soon as the vehicle is announced by the scouts that are on the look-out; and the individual to whom they are intrusted by their owners is of course the lightest, liveliest, and boldest young fellow in the family. These are the lads who leave their lasses sighing at their departure, to rejoice at their return; and these are the 'chartered libertines,' whose familiar intercourse with the world beyond their village gives rise to the incidents of romance and the plaints of poetry.

These, however, are Russian peasants; and here, as we approach the frontiers of China, we are more interested in the native Siberian Tartars. The Buraets live in tents constructed with poles meeting at the top, and felt hangings. Notwithstanding the usual projection of the cheek-bones, and the oblique and elongated eye, their jet-black hair, expressive eyes, and teeth of unrivalled whiteness, give them a pleasing look; and the cheeks of the women, notwithstanding the darkness of the skin, are tinged with a ruddy hue. Their dress, extravagantly rich, fits close to the person; and their hair descends from the temples in two thick braids, and is confined round the forehead by a fillet studded with mother-of-pearl, Uralian malachite, and polished coral. Although the fireplace of their tents is nothing more than a hole dug in the earth, with the felt mats and cushions on which they sleep ranged around it, some of their utensils exhibit all the refinement of civilisation. The steel-work of their riding-gear is beautifully engraved, and inlaid with plates of copper and silver. The silver bowls of their pipes (executed by themselves in the steppe) are adorned with reliefs, and inlaid with copper; while the stalk, for the convenience of carriage, is in two parts, closing so neatly, that the bore is air-tight.

At a certain horse station, within two or three miles of the frontier, are four regiments of Buraets and one of Tunguzes, armed with bows and sabres; and shortly after leaving this, our traveller found himself at the entrance of Kiakhta, the Russian emporium of trade with the Celestial empire. The Chinese town called Maimachen is represented by Mr Erman as adjoining the other—in fact separated only by a gate; but Pallas states that there is a distance of 140 yards, with two posts midway, one inscribed with Russian, and the other with Manchoo characters, to mark the frontier of the two empires.

On entering Kiakhta, which resembled a German village, with a single Cosack keeping guard with his drawn sword, Mr Erman 'found the houses of the merchants of the better class with stairs and balconies in front, and in some cases painted and embellished with architectural ornaments. Three camels met us just as we passed the gate, which were much longer haired than the Chinese camels that we saw afterwards. They belonged to the Buraets of Selenginsk, who were now thronging the streets on their way to a religious festival at Maimachen. Chinese traders, too, met us at every step. They wore

long gowns of black silk, fitting close to the body; their hats were of black felt, nearly in the shape of a crown, the part for the head forming a hemisphere, and having the brim turned up all round: a tassel of red silk falls down on each side from the top where there is a copper stud in the centre, on which a ball of some coloured stone or other material is fixed—this being the mode in which the several ranks are distinguished in China. The merchants here had rarely any such badge, and dare not, as I was informed, wear anything but a golden bulla, as they are accounted to belong only to the lowest class both in China and Russia. They all had cases for their ears, to protect them from the cold. These cases were angular and oblong, made of pasteboard, and covered with black silk, their open side fitting to the temples. Their thick silken skull-caps fell below the edge of their hats, and their heads were shaved, except upon the very crown, from which long queues hung down their backs. A long purse is attached to their girdles, just above the right hip, and in it they carry their tobacco and pipe, with its wooden stem curved at the lower end, and its diminutive bowl of brass. They were all hurrying over the boundary line, for every Chinese is obliged to be in Maimachen before sunset.

When Pallas visited this place, it contained about 1200 inhabitants; and over each of its four gates there was a wooden guardhouse for the Chinese garrison, consisting of Mongols in tattered clothes, and armed merely with clubs. The Russian emporium was defended by a company of soldiers and some resident Cosacks; and these are all the precautions taken by the two governments for that 'protection of trade' which, with certain other nations, gives rise to vast standing armies that devour the profits. When Mr Erman passed through the southern gate of Kiakhta, the change 'seemed like a dream, or the effect of magic; a contrast so startling could hardly be experienced at any other spot upon the earth. The unvaried sober hues of the Russian side were succeeded all at once by an exhibition of gaudy finery, more fantastic and extravagant than was ever seen at any Christmas wake or parish village festival in Germany. The roadway of the streets consists of a bed of well-beaten clay, which is always neatly swept; while the walls of the same material on either side are relieved by windows of Chinese paper. These walls do not at first sight present the appearance of fronts of houses, as the roofs are flat, and not seen from the street. Indeed they are nearly altogether concealed by the gay-coloured paper lanterns and flags with inscriptions on them which are hung out on both sides of the way. Cords, with similar scrolls and lanterns, are likewise stretched from roof to roof across the street. These dazzling decorations stand out in glaring contrast with the dull yellow of the ground and walls. In the open crossings of the streets, which intersect each other at right angles, stood enormous chafing-dishes of cast-iron, like basins, upon a slender pedestal of four feet in height. The benches by which they were surrounded were occupied by tea-drinkers, who sat smoking from the little pipes which they carry at their girdles, while their kettles were boiling at the common fire. It is only the porters and camel-drivers, and the petty dealers—that is, Mongols of the lowest class—who thus seek refreshment and chit-chat in the streets. Some of the poorer of the Russian Buraets occasionally resort there too; and both nations avail themselves of the niches or little chapels which are seen at the corners of the adjacent houses. These are dedicated to Buddha; and when the doors were open, we could readily distinguish the images of the saints within. Metal dishes, like those observed by us in the tents at Selenginsk, were placed before these divinities, and filled with consecrated water; and between them were pastils of vegetable extracts, and in the shape of slender yellow rods, which emitted no flame, but a bluish aromatic vapour; we saw reddish tapers, also of tallow, which were occasionally lighted by some passer-by. Similar tapers were burning against the door-frames or walls of the chapels, either in the open air, or in lanterns of various tastes.' At sunset, the travellers were quietly

\* Two English miles are equal to three verstas and a fraction.



and politely turned out of China, it being against the rules for strangers to pass the night in Maimachen.

The festival of the White Moon afforded him an opportunity of seeing the place in its holiday dress. On this occasion the Russians visited the Chinese town, and the procession made by the former was received by a troop of actors, who conducted the train to the house of the chief functionary with an incessant clatter of wooden instruments. Here they were received by a crowd of his Chinese guests, each of whom did his best to shake all the Russians by the hand; but the great man himself merely advanced a few steps towards them in a calm and dignified manner.

The repast was begun by a course of dried fruits and tea; and when the guests had tasted of everything—this being incumbent upon them as well-bred men—the tables were covered with more substantial food, in small saucers, which the initiated recognised as mushrooms, pheasants, pork, mutton, fish, and the gelatinous dainties of China. As course after course followed each other in long succession, the dishes were not removed, but the full piled upon the empty, till a lofty pyramid was constructed of gastronomical remains. When this second act of the feast was ended—by which time at least a hundred dishes had come upon the table—pipes, ready charged for smoking, were handed round to all the guests, with small glasses of spirits. This interlude did not consume much time, the bowls of the Chinese and Buraet pipes being not larger than a thimble; so that if one would enjoy the few whiffs it affords, he is obliged to conform to the Asiatic custom of swallowing the smoke, allowing a portion to find its way out again by his nostrils. The serious business of the feast was then resumed by the introduction of the third course, consisting of soups; and finally, pipes were again brought in, with a hissing, steaming vessel, containing an infusion of cabbage leaves, drawn off by a cock, and drunk out of teacups. In making tea, it may be said here, the cup is rather a teapot than a drinking vessel. A few leaves of tea are put into it, boiling water poured over them, and when the extract is ready, it is emptied into the saucer, from which it is drunk.

After dinner, their entertainer conducted them to one of the temples, where the offerings brought on the occasion of the New Year lay heaped up in hillocks at the feet of the idols. 'Among them were whole sheep without the skin, plucked fowls, pheasants, and guinea fowls, in their natural positions, and glistening with fat. There was a long table like the counter in European shops, running parallel with the threshold of the temple, so that it was necessary to go round the ends of it in order to get from the door to the statues. On this was now built up an absolute wall of offerings. Six sheep occupied the middle, and round them lay dressed meats and cakes of every kind. The whole was surrounded with an extremely elaborate structure of white dough, which was reared from the ground to the height of five or six feet, so as to be above the table. The dough or paste was formed into an open lattice-work, like that with which we sometimes fence our gardens; but the openings in the lattice-work were here filled with dried fruits and confectionery of the finest kind.'

When they returned into the street, it was already dark, and lanterns on long poles were borne before them, the troops of actors, as before, heading the procession, dancing, leaping, and capering, and making an incessant noise with cymbals and wooden drums. In going through the streets, it appeared that the New Year festivities had had a somewhat too enlivening effect upon a Mongol of the lower orders, who carried his audacity to the length of elbowing the great man as they passed each other. The criminal was immediately laid hold of by the police, pushed against the wall till the procession passed, and an iron chain thrown round his neck preparatory to his being carried off to prison. This offence against politeness appeared to be regarded with great indignation by the crowd, who admonished the prisoner in an angry tone, each person ending the obprobrium by putting his fist to the man's nose. The procession now visited the houses of the principal merchants, whose servants welcomed them

by throwing lighted rockets and crackers over their heads. In the houses they found a banquet resembling the one they had already partaken of; till, as the night advanced, the solids diminished in quantity, and at length the treat was confined to confections, tea, and pipes. Such was New-Year's Day in China.

The merchants of Maimachen, we are told by Pallas, come chiefly from the northern provinces of China. Each has a partner at home, who, at the end of a year, brings a fresh cargo of Chinese commodities, and relieves the other, who returns with his Russian purchases. The town resembles in one respect a great convent—all the inhabitants being men; for the Chinese policy strictly prohibits their women from having even the slightest intercourse with foreigners. The commerce is necessarily a trade of barter, for the Russians are prohibited from exporting their own coin, and the Chinese have no coin to export. The former find it more advantageous to take goods in exchange, than bullion at the Chinese standard. The Celestial merchant visits the warehouse of the Russian trader in Kiakhta, and after selecting from his stock, goes into the house with him, and adjusts the price over a cup of tea. They return to the magazine, where the goods are not only sealed, but a confidential person left in charge of them; and then adjourn to Maimachen, where the Russian selects in his turn, and carries back with him his purchases.

The want of a circulating medium is supplied, according to Mr Erman, by brick-tea, which is a mixture of the spoiled leaves and stalks of the tea-plant with the leaves of some wild plants and bullocks' blood dried in the oven. It is divided into pieces weighing from three to three and a half pounds. 'The Manchos themselves never make use of this production, but to the Mongolian nomades in China, to the Buraets and Kalmuks collectively, to the Russian peasants south of the Baikal, and to most of the Siberian Tatars, it is become as indispensable as bread in Europe. Every brick, or kirpich, contains sixty or seventy portions, because the infusion made with it is mixed also with rye-meal, mutton fat, and with kujir or básun—that is, salt from the lakes in the steppes. The Russians purchase an immense quantity of it from the Chinese; but besides, the kirpich or brick of tea is the money unit and standard of value, in which the price of every other kind of exchangeable property is expressed.' When it is necessary to pay fractional parts of this strange money, they are cut off by the Russians and Buraets, measuring by the eye; and the Chinese never object to take such pieces in payment.

From Russia, we are told by Pallas, the Chinese receive furs and peltry of various kinds; and the demand for these articles is so great, that they are in part supplied even by England, which sends the produce of Hudson's Bay to St Petersburg. Cloth is another staple; the coarser sort of Russia manufacture, the finer English, Prussian, and French. Then there comes a miscellaneous list of rich stuffs, velvets, coarse Russia linen, leather, &c. with camels, horses, horned cattle, and dogs for the chase. In return, the Chinese give raw and manufactured silk, although the exportation of the former is prohibited under pain of death; raw and manufactured cotton, teas, porcelain of all sorts, Japan ware, rhubarb, and numerous other articles. Rhubarb is a monopoly of the Russian government, and is brought to Kiakhta by Bucharian merchants.

We have left ourselves no room to follow Mr Erman in his journey eastward to Okhotsk; but we cannot refrain from giving another and concluding picture of native Siberian life. The scene is in a yurt of the Tunguzes, consisting of a single square room, with a flat earthen roof, and a fireplace of beaten earth. This place was occupied, besides the traveller, by ten members of the wandering family of Tatars. 'We remained in the yurt with the women and the Yakutian servant of the family, who served me as interpreter, for Revyakin spoke only the Yakutian fluently. The women of the house and their unmarried daughters now sat down together on the floor to their work. They were occupied to-day with the last cares of winter, for they were sewing the cover for a

birch tent, and were mending the men's reindeer clothing, the *torbans*, or water-tight boots (here called *bars*), and other articles necessary for travelling. In the afternoon the girls went to the river hard by to cut ice, which was in part melted in the kettle, and used for cooking, and a part of it was thrown into a wooden vessel near the fireplace, and kept for drinking. When the work was finished, they began to employ themselves in the yurt with the business of decoration. In an elaborately-made box of birch bark they had treasured up some studs of brass and lead, beads, and old brass springs. These last were now cut into small pieces, and strung with the studs and beads so ingeniously, that a very pretty ornament for the head was made with very poor materials. The Yakut had lent the girl his assistance in making this band at her earnest request. They then amused themselves by playing cards; and at supper the black bread to which they were treated by the traveller was devoured as the greatest dainty along with the soup and meat. Some singing followed, to pass the time; and then this primitive family sought their berths for the night, each person being provided with a lighted pipe.

It will be seen that we have not meddled with the scientific information interspersed throughout these diversified volumes; but this, although not of popular interest, is unquestionably the most valuable portion of the work.

#### ARTIFICIAL BARRIERS TO SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

We are of opinion that much agreeable and profitable social intercourse is prevented by a want of moral courage in adopting a simple style of entertaining one's friends and acquaintances. Let us look around, and what do we find to be the general state of intercourse between friends and acquaintances in the middle and upper classes of a commercial community? On the one hand, we see an entire abstinence from all social intercourse (except, perhaps, with immediate connexions), arising from economical motives, founded on the impossibility of complying with the supposed requirements of society in this matter. On the other, we find individuals giving, once or twice a year perhaps, an expensive and formal dinner party, or a stiff evening entertainment, at neither of which does any one feel himself at ease; where one is in the midst of a most heterogeneous company, gathered together without any earthly reference to fitness or amalgability, and from which one at last escapes, thankful to find himself again at his own quiet fireside—inwardly vowing that nothing shall ever again tempt him to exchange its genial precincts for any such vain and profitless visiting. During the winter, Mr and Mrs A— have been invited to dinner by Mr and Mrs B—, or the young people have had 'the pleasure of their company requested,' &c. by the C—s. The A—s consequently feel it incumbent on them to clear off the debt supposed to be owing to the said B—s and C—s, by inviting them in return; and in order to have a general clearing off of scores, they bethink themselves of all and sundry from whom they have received civilities during the past six or twelve months, and without any consideration whatever as to the harmony of the ingredient members of the company, a great crowd of persons, for the most part utterly unknown to each other, are uncomfortably packed together, the house is turned topsy-turvy for a few days, a great deal of money is foolishly squandered, no comfort or satisfaction has resulted to anybody, and when the affair is over, the givers of the entertainment generally congratulate themselves that a year at least must elapse before they have again to undergo similar trouble and expense. For months after this event, the A—s would as soon think of flying as of asking any of the B—s, C—s, or D—s to drop in upon them in a quiet way to spend an evening. With such persons there is no medium between a formal tiresome party and an entire abstinence from all visiting whatever.

The fact is, the true secret of genial and improving social intercourse—of anything at all approaching even to the name—is but little understood, and still less acted upon. The very words 'visiting' or 'meetings of friends' suggest to most minds the idea of expense, domestic inconvenience, anxiety, and trouble. Why should this be so? All kinds

of social intercourse ought to be associated with the most pleasing ideas. They ought to be easily attainable, and readily arranged, and should entail little or no disarrangement of the usual domestic routine. When will a few rich persons encourage their less wealthy brethren by systematically adopting in their entertainments a severe and almost Spartan simplicity? Such a simplicity would do them infinite honour, by tending to emancipate those less favoured by the gifts of fortune from the supposed necessity of needless profusion and uncalculated expense. If such examples were to become prevalent, the consequence would be, that the apparent inequalities between rich and poor would be much softened down—there would be an absence of that painful, but irrational feeling, which constantly haunts many otherwise amiable persons, lest their mode of entertaining those whose incomes are ten or twenty times larger than their own may not be quite *comme il faut*—we should have less thought taken about mere eating and drinking, and more about matters of higher import.—*From the Companion, a series of pleasant rational Essays in the Manchester Examiner.*

#### SONNET.

WHAT felt the world's survivor when the bough  
Was brought him by the home-returning dove?  
Joy throbb'd his heart, and Hope swell'd up above  
The fears that in his soul had lurk'd till now,  
In spite of all his faith. But when the ark  
Was rested by the waters' sinking flow  
Safe on the mountain, and the patriarch  
Gazed on the shoreless ocean lessening slow,  
Unruffled in the noontide's golden glow,  
Or in the calm of midnight rolling dark,  
Though thickly sprinkled with the gems of heaven;  
Sure when the ark sat on that dreadful sea  
Alone, no feeling in his heart could be  
But sorrow for his kindred unforgiven.

F. T.

#### WALKING.

Of all kinds of exercise, walking is that which is the most universally attainable, and at the same time the best. Calling so many muscles into action, and especially those of the lower extremities, of which the circulation is apt to be more languidly and imperfectly performed, from the degree of resistance presented by the force of gravity to the return of the blood to the heart—calling, moreover, so much of the moving apparatus of the body into reciprocal and balanced action, flexor and extensor muscles being correspondingly exercised—walking is undoubtedly the best of all exercises for the purposes of health, independently of its secondary, and by no means little useful effect, of carrying the respiratory organs into the freer and purer air, and exposing the system to the extraordinary and (at least in the colder and temperate countries of the earth) the healthful influence of the direct rays of the sun. The degree of the exercise must of course vary with the age, condition, and habits of the individual; but the degree of exercise that is in most cases serviceable is generally much underrated. Two miles a day is the minimum distance which a person of moderate health and strength ought to walk. If the powers of the system increase, or are stronger to begin with, the minimum ought to be four miles. The object should be, in most cases, to walk the four miles in an hour; and the invalid, beginning, perhaps, by walking a mile, or a mile and a half, in an hour, might gradually increase his rate of walking until he had accomplished this end. Quick walking calls more muscles into action than slow walking does, and is therefore better. The muscles of the back and trunk, neck and arms, are comparatively very little used in slow walking. A person can hardly walk quickly without using them to a very considerable degree. It is a maxim so sound and important, as to deserve frequent repetition, that the greater the number of the muscles used, the more advantageous will be the exercise.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

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